Enter Mercutio, Benuolio, *and men.*

Ben. I pray thee good *Mercutio* lets retire,
The day is hot, the *Capels* abroad:
And if we meet, we shall not scape a brawle, for now these hot dayes, is the mad blood stirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of these fellowes, that when he enters the confines of a Tauerne, claps me his sword vpon the table, and sayes, God send me no need of thee: and by the operation of the second cup, drawes him on the Drawer, when indeed there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Iacke in thy moode, as any in *Italie*: and assoone moued to be moodie, and assoone moodie to be moued.

Ben. And what too?

Mer. Nay and there were two such, wee should haue none shortly, for one would kill the other: thou, why thou wilt quarrell with a man that hath a haire more, or a haire lesse in his beard, then thou hast: thou wilt quarrell with a man for cracking Nuts, hauing no other reason, but because thou hast hasel eyes: what eye, but such an eye, would spie out such a quarrel? thy head is as ful of quarrels, as an egge is ful of meat, and yet thy head hath bin beaten as addle as an egge for quarrelling: thou hast quareld with a man for coffing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath laine asleepe in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor, for wearing his new doublet before Easter: with another, for tying his new shoes with old riband, & yet thou wilt tutor mee from quarrelling?

Ben: And I were so apt to quarel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life, for an houre and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-simple, O simple.

Enter Tybalt, Petruchio, *and others.*

Ben. By my head here comes the *Capulets.*

Mer. By my heele I care not.

Tybalt. Follow me close, for I will speake to them.
Gentlemen, Good den, a word with one of you.

Mer.

Mer. And but one word wi
thing, make it a word and a
Ti. You shall find me apt in
me occasion.
Mercut. Could you not
uing?
Ti. *Mercutio* thou consort
Mer. Consort, what dost
make Minstrels of vs, looke
heeres my fiddlesticke, hee
zounds consort.
Ben. VVe talke here in th
Either withdraw vnto some
Or reason coldly of your gre
Or else depart, here all eies ga
Mer. Mens eyes were ma
I will not budge for no mans
Enter Rom
Ti. VVell peace be with y
Mer. But Ile be hangd sir
Marry go before to field, hee
Your worship in that sense m
Tib. *Romeo*, the loue I beare
No better terme then this: tho
Ro. *Tibalt*, the reason that
Doth much excuse the apper
To such a greeting: villaine am
Therefore farewell I see thou
Ti. Boy, this shall not exc
That thou hast done me there
Ro. I do protest I neuer in
But loue thee better then tho
Till thou shalt know the reas
And so good *Capulet*, which
As dearely as my owne, be sat
Mer. O calme, dishonoura

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